MARVEL
1
TIERI
FERREIRA
POGGI
ROSENBERG
PARENTAL ADVISORY
ABSOLUTE CARNAGE
VS DEADPOOL
TYLER KIRKHAM
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YEARS AGO, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN UNWITTINGLY BROUGHT AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL ***SYMBIOTE*** TO EARTH. THE PARASITIC ORGANISM PROCREATED–AND SO DID ITS OFFSPRING, AND ITS OFFSPRING AFTER THAT. IN THE ENSUING YEARS, THESE EARTHBOUND SYMBIOTES BONDED TO DOZENS OF HEROES AND VILLAINS, TEMPORARILY AMPLIFYING THEIR SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES.

BUT THE SYMBIOTES ALSO LEFT TRACES OF THEIR GENETIC MATERIAL WITHIN THEIR HOSTS. CALLED THE ***CODEX***, THESE DORMANT CELLS NOW SERVE AS A BEACON, BECKONING THE ONE WHO HUNTS THEM--THE DEADLY SYMBIOTE KNOWN AS ***CARNAGE***.

THE HUNT FOR THE CODEXES IS ABOUT TO BRING CARNAGE TOE-TO-TOE AGAINST AN OLD OPPONENT, THE ONE HERO WHO'S A MATCH FOR HIS MADNESS--THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE VS DEADPOOL

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TAKE A WILD GUESS.

I MEAN, WHAT WERE YOU *THINKING?*
WHAT? I WANTED TO THROW YOU A SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY!
FOR ONE THING...IT'S NOT MY BIRTHDAY.
WELL, HOW THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHEN YOUR BIRTHDAY IS? I DON'T KNOW YOUR SECRET IDENTITY.
SO YOU INVITE *ALL MY ENEMIES?*
YEAH, WELL... THAT CIRCLES BACK TO THE NOT-KNOWING-YOUR-SECRET-IDENTITY PART. *DUH!*
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE.
"I FIGURED AT LEAST THESE GUYS WOULD BE PEOPLE YOU KNEW."
HEY. AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTUALLY BROUGHT A PRESENT?
ARE YOU AN IDIOT?
YOU DID EVERYTHING BUT INVITE J. JONAH JAMESON.
YEAH... WELL, ABOUT THAT...

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I KNEW IT. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOWED UP HERE.
FRIGGIN' WALL-CRAWLING MENACE.
HAPPYBIRTHDAYSPIDEY!
SPIDEY AND DEADPOOL BFFs!
WE LOSE 'EM?
NOT THAT I MIND THE "ME TARZAN, YOU JANE" THING WE'VE GOT GOING ON HERE.
GIVE IT A SEC...
SO, WHERE'D THEY GO?
I DUNNO, MAN...BUT I'M STARVED. WHO'S UP FOR SOME PIZZA?
JOHN'S IN THE VILLAGE?
EH, I DON'T WANT TO BE WAITING IN LINE.
TRUST ME...
...WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE WAITING IN LINE.
AW, THE HELL WITH IT. WAIT FER ME, GUYS!

HEY, PIZZA DOESN'T ACTUALLY SOUND BAD RIGHT NOW.
JOHN'S IN THE VILLAGE? MAYBE THOSE GUYS WILL LET US CUT IN LINE...
YOU... YOU...
INSANE!
IRRESPONSIBLE!
EXTREMELY DANGEROUS!
MORON!
WELL, THAT'S NOT FAIR. "EXTREMELY DANGEROUS" SEEMS A BIT MUCH.
"SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS?" "REASONABLY DANGEROUS?"
"SORTA DANGEROUS WHEN HE HASN'T HAD HIS COFFEE IN THE MORNING?"
I'M DONE, WADE. YOU HEAR ME?
DONE.
YOU NEED HELP. SERIOUS HELP. NOT JUST A ONCE-A-WEEK SHRINK WHO'S GOING TO PAT YOU ON THE HEAD AFTER YOUR SESSION IS OVER AND GIVE YOU A COOKIE.
YOU NEED PEOPLE. TEAMS OF PEOPLE. 'ROUND THE CLOCK. WATCHING YOU, STUDYING YOU.
WAIT... WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A COOKIE NOW?
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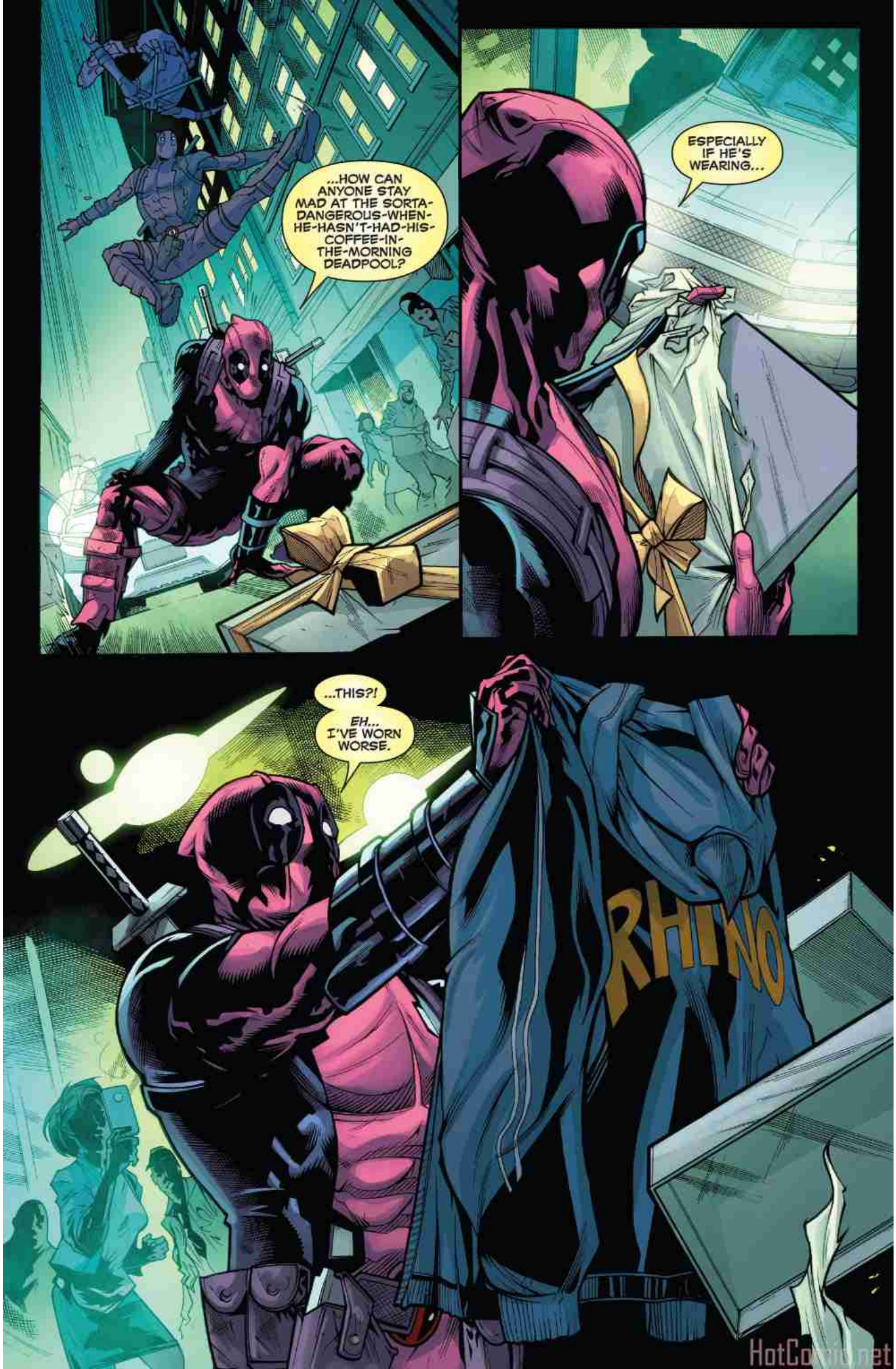
HERE.
THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A COOKIE.
IT'S A FRIEND OF MINE.
IT'S WHO YOU NEED TO SEE. AND WHERE YOU NEED TO GO.
AND DON'T BOTHER CALLING ME AGAIN UNTIL YOU DO!
HEY! WHERE YOU GOING?
I WAS PROMISED A COOKIE, YA KNOW!
JOHN JAMESON
RAVENCROFT
PFFT. SCREW THIS.
I MEAN... HE'LL GET OVER IT. AFTER ALL...


...HOW CAN ANYONE STAY MAD AT THE SORTA-DANGEROUS-WHEN-HE-HASN'T-HAD-HIS-COFFEE-IN-THE-MORNING DEADPOOL?
ESPECIALLY IF HE'S WEARING...
...THIS?!
EH... I'VE WORN WORSE.
RHINO

RAVENCROFT INSTITUTE
FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE
WEEKS LATER.
BECAUSE, YA KNOW...
...SPIDEY DIDN'T GET OVER IT.
SO OKAY...AFTER NUMEROUS UNANSWERED PHONE CALLS, TEXTS, SEVERAL RESTRAINING ORDERS AND BLOCKING ME ON FACESPACE, I FINALLY GOT THE MESSAGE...
RHINO
YOU WIN, SPIDER-MADDY. I'M HERE.
HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY, WHEREVER YOU ARE.
WHICH I WOULDN'T KNOW, SINCE I CAN NO LONGER CREEPILY STALK YOU ON FACESPACE.
JOHN JAMESON
AND WOLFSBANE
INSTITUTE FOR THE CRIMINALLY
RHINO
BECAUSE THIS SURE LOOKS LIKE A HAPPY PLACE TO ME.
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READY FOR MY SPONGE BATH WHENEVER YOU ARE, DR. PHIL!
HMN.
NOW THIS CERTAINLY WASN'T THE RECEPTION I WAS EXPECTING. NO RED CARPET, NO BOUQUETS OF ROSES TO GREET ME, NO DOCTORS ON SAID RED CARPET WITH ROSES ALL THE WHILE DEATHLY AFRAID I'M GOING TO SHOOT THEM...
SPEAKING OF WHICH...
EXCUSE ME, MY GOOD MAN... WOULD YOU PLEASE INFORM JOHN JAMESON THAT I HAVE ARRIVED? AND THAT I AM COMPLETELY WEAPONS FREE?
NOT EVEN MY "CAVITY SEARCH" GUN.
WHICH...THE LESS SAID ABOUT THAT THE BETTER, IF I'M BEING HONEST. ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT I REFER TO AS THE "COLONOSCOPY INCIDENT."
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HEY, CHIEF! WHAT, AM I ON THE "PAY NO MIND" LIST? I--
OH, WAIT... I GET IT, DUDE. SLEEPING ONE OFF, EH?
SAY NO MORE, FRIEND. I MEAN, I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO OCCASIONALLY LIQUID MY WORK LUNCHES MYSELF. IN FACT, I WAS SO SOUSED LAST WEEK I ACCIDENTALLY PIANO-WIRED ONE OF THEM *STRANGER THINGS* KIDS INSTEAD OF DR. STRANGE.
GOOD KID, THOUGH. EVEN GAVE ME AN AUTOGRAPH AFTER HE WAS ABLE TO BREATHE AGAIN. ANYWAY...
...DON'T LET ME TAKE UP ANY MORE OF YOUR TIME, PAL.
I'M MORE THAN CAPABLE OF LETTING MYSELF IN.
EEL
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GOD IS COMING, MY CHILDREN. MY CULT OF CARNAGE.
AND HE IS ANGRY.
HELL...COLOR ME PISSED AS HELL TOO. AS IF WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH AHEAD OF US WITH OUR SPINE SCAVENGER HUNT FOR EVERYONE WHO'S EVER WORN A SYMBIOTE BEFORE...
NOW MISTY KNIGHT'S SHAWSHANKED HER WAY OUTTA HERE THANKS TO AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN STUPIDITY OVER THERE.
MY LORD CARNAGE, I PROMISE YOU I'LL MAKE AMENDS. LET ME--
OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, JAMESON...I GUARANTEE YOU'LL MAKE AMENDS. OTHERWISE WE'LL HAVE TO SEE ABOUT GETTING YOU *FIXED*, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
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THAT'S JUST TERRIFIC.
CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAP
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS KIND OF IMMERSIVE THERAPY BEFORE...BUT TO SEE IT IN ACTION LIKE THIS? I REALLY THINK THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF THING I NEED.
BUT I GOTTA ASK...WHY PICK CARNAGE? HE'S SUCH A LOSER. AND I'M NOT REALLY IMPRESSED WITH ALL THIS WEIRD ADDED CULT CRAP, EITHER.
YOU COULD'VE SHOWN UP WITH STILT-MAN'S ONE-LEGGED GREAT AUNT AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN MORE THREATENING, TO BE HONEST.
GRRRRR
STILL...TO STAGE ALL THIS? WHAT'S SOMETHING LIKE THIS COST, ANYWAY?
RRRRRR
I MEAN, FIDO HERE FEELS LIKE HE'S GOT REAL FUR. AND POSSIBLY FLEAS.
AND THAT DOG BREATH... *PEE-YEW.* SEEMS LIKE SOMEBODY WASN'T TRAINED TO NOT EAT HIS OWN POOP...
RRRRRR
PRETTY DAMNED AUTHENTIC. SO AUTHENTIC ONE MIGHT THINK IT MAYBE COULD PERCHANCE BE...
...REAL...
KILL HIM.

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AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

AND HERE I AM WITH NO GUNS. NO KNIVES.
HELL. I DON'T EVEN HAVE COKE AND POP ROCKS.
ALTHOUGH THAT DOES GIVE ME AN IDEA. THE KITCHEN AREA WHERE I GRABBED THOSE SNACKS FROM...
...HAD MICROWAVES.
AND EVERYONE AND THEIR MOTHER KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS TO A MICROWAVE...
CLINK
...WHEN YOU PUT METAL IN IT.
AND I'M PUTTING MORE METAL THAN IRON MAN'S UNDERWEAR IN HERE.
IF IRON MAN WEARS UNDERWEAR, THAT IS. IS THAT DUDE NAKED UNDER THERE?
THESE ARE THE THINGS I WONDER ABOUT SOMETIMES...
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BOOP BOOP BOOP
WHAT I WON'T HAVE TO WONDER ABOUT, THOUGH?
BOOM BOOM BOOM
WHETHER OR NOT THE "CARNAGE GOES JONESTOWN" CREW BURSTS THROUGH THAT DOOR ANY SECOND NOW.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
BOOM BOOM BOOM
BEEP BEEP BEEP
FFZZZ
HMM...DO I HAVE TIME TO HEAT UP A BREAKFAST BURRITO FIRST?
FZZZ
EH, I'M GUESSING NO.
FZZZZZZ
BEEP
BEEP
FZZZ

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STAN'S SOAPBOX · FEBRUARY 1969

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Okay, students! The subject of today's swingin' seminar will be "Where Do You Nuts Get Your Ideas?" That question is asked of Yours Truly at lectures, interviews, and bull sessions more often than any other. So, let's kick it around for Marveldom Assembled. The point is, ideas are no problem. Here in the Bullpen, we can't talk to each other for five minutes without coming up with a zillion new thoughts and angles. The big hangup is getting the time to develop the ideas . . . to polish them, and refine them until we feel they'll have maximum impact — until we know they'll be an integral part of the ubiquitous Marvel universe! Everyone has ideas — you, I, the gang in the mail-room — even our competitors, bless 'em. What really counts is what you DO with them. We believe that almost any idea can be worthwhile, if it's presented with integrity, taste, and imagination. For, an idea is like a guitar — it doesn't mean a thing unless you know how to use it! Excelsior.

Smiley

STAN LEE
FOREVER

artwork of Happy HOWARD PURCELL can be? Since he's taken over the Watcher yarn which rounds out our spellbinding SILVER SURFER mag, we wonder how we ever got along without him! Howie still teaches art in his spare time, so poor Smiley has to think twice before trying to make like an editor! And, by the way, no matter how you slice it, THE SILVER SURFER is probably the biggest smash hit in comic mag publishing since the still-supreme F.F. — just as you knew it would be!

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

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KRISH
HELLO, GENTLEMEN.
SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIENDS, AS THEY SAY.
I CALL THIS ONE "BURNIE" AND THIS ONE "EXPLODEY."
EXPLODEY WAS MY MOM'S MAIDEN NAME.
BUT WITH YOU CREEPS BEING SYMBIOTES AND ALL AND NOT EXACTLY FIRE RESISTANT...
...YOU CAN CALL 'EM "DEATH."
ME AND HER USED TO KIND OF BE A THING, BY THE WAY...

I WARNED YA, YOU STUPID FLEABAG!
NOW I GOTTA PUT YOU DOWN, BOY!
ACK!
MY LORD...
I'LL GET MISTY KNIGHT BACK...KAF...I SWEAR! JUST... KAF...GIVE ME THAT CHANCE!
AS FOR DEADPOOL...KAF... HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW HE WAS GOING TO COME HERE LOOKING FOR ME...KAF... DRESSED AS A UNICORN?

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NOT THAT IT MATTERS SINCE YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A TENDRIL TONSILLECTOMY, BUT THAT WAS A RHINO-- NOT A UNICORN-- HOODIE HE WAS...
WAIT A SEC...
UNICORN...
JAMESON, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
I AM, MY LORD?
YOU SAYIN' THAT...I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING.
THAT CLOWN IS THE ONLY HUMAN ALIVE TO ACTUALLY HAVE MERGED WITH FOUR SYMBIOTES. HIS SPINE IS LIKE HITTING A FRIGGIN' CODEX LOTTERY! IN OTHER WORDS...
...DEADPOOL IS A $%#& UNICORN.
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SO 'CAUSE OF THAT, UNICORN HUNTIN' JUST BECAME A TOP PRIORITY, CHILDREN.
WELL, BECAUSE OF THAT AND ANOTHER POSSIBLY MORE IMPORTANT REASON...
FOR THE CRIMINALLY
"I JUST REALLY HATE THAT GUY."
BURN, BABY, BURN! DISCO INFERNO!
BURN, BABY, BURN! BURN THAT MOTHER DOWN!
TO BE CONTINUED...
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NEXT:

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